THE ARTS AND THE WAR, BY ALEXANDER COWIE

The Saturday Review of Literature

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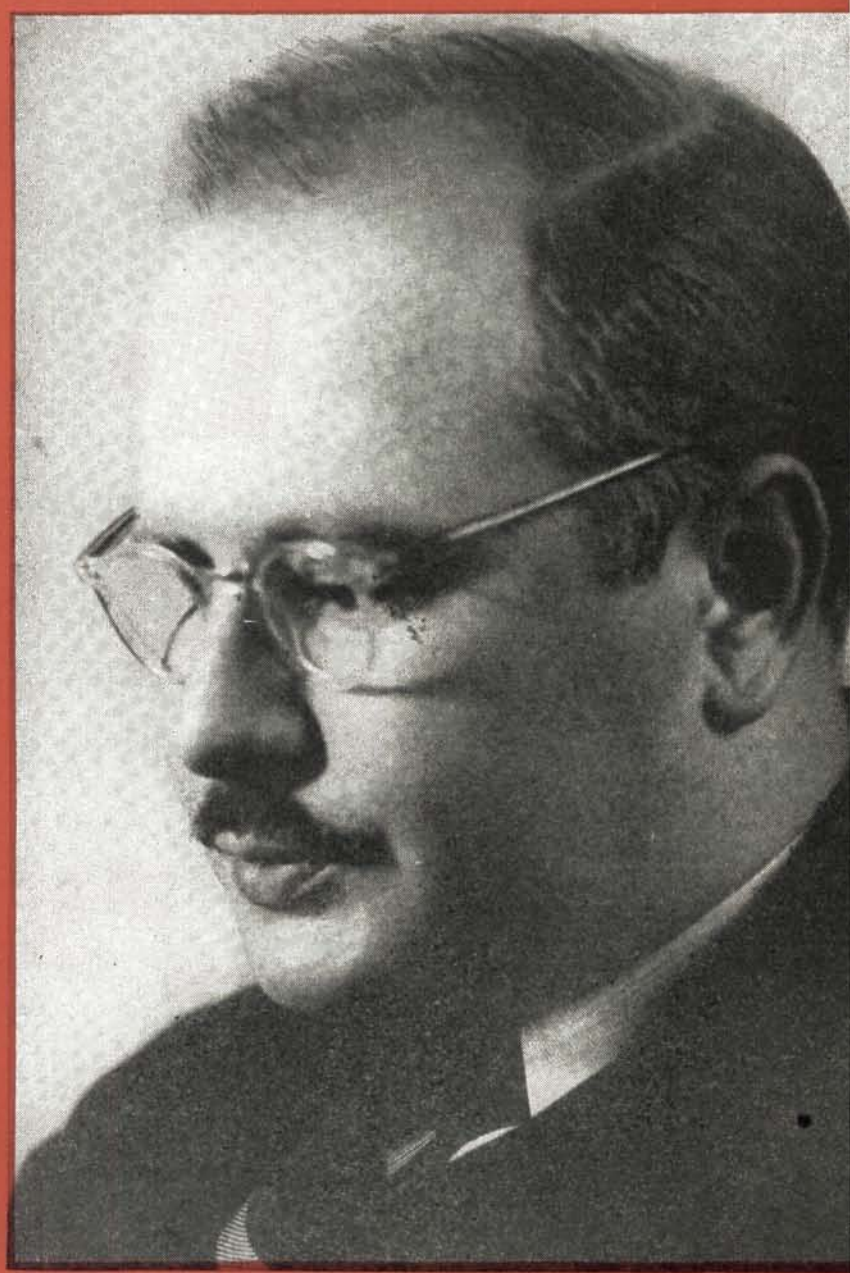

WILLIAM L. SHIRER's "'Berlin Diary' is the most important non-fiction book of the season; probably of the year." . . . (See page 5)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Arts and the War

ALEXANDER COWIE

IT is easy to underestimate the importance of the arts in a time of national emergency. It is easy to say that the manpower of the nation must be directed into the twin channels of industrial and military preparation. It is natural to assume that the pursuit of the arts can be safely deferred until the restoration of peace. For are not the arts the ornament of a nation at peace? With the whole world apparently intent upon converting itself into a vast arsenal, it is understandable that education in the arts and humanities may be regarded as a comparatively unimportant function to be postponed until the national safety has been assured.

Yet such premises as these need to be examined in the cold light of reason. Granted that there are certain elements of dilettantism and pedantry which can be advisedly stamped out—in times of peace *or* war. Granted, too, that a new emphasis must obtain whereby more of the nation's energy is absorbed in mechanical and military activity. Nor does anyone question that chemistry and physics deserve the extra attention now being accorded them. Yet it may be dangerous to assume that there need be no careful provision for the sustenance of the arts and humanities during an interval of national peril. It may be dangerous to curtail educational activities because they do not bear *directly* upon defense projects. For, actually, books may be as important as bullets to a nation at war, and the arts may prove to be among her most practical assets.

What, then, can education in the arts and humanities do for a nation in the throes of a grave emergency? It can accomplish many things, but most of these can be comprised in the one statement: it can nurture the nation's leaders. An arsenal is no stronger than the men who control the destinies of the state. Leaders are not bred in munitions factories, nor do they grow on bushes. They are trained. They must have a certain aptitude for leadership, but aptitude will never bear fruit unless it is cultivated. A long preparation lies behind the man who "suddenly" springs into leadership.

And what are the marks of the true leader? First, he must be a man of perspective. This is a self-evident truth. No man is finally so inefficient, or so dangerous, as the man whose knowledge does not extend beyond the immediate present. Only sound knowledge of the past can create the sanity and the stability which should characterize the leader. That young college student conning his history or economics or political science lesson—don't assume that he is a dead loss to the nation. Even now, history is one of the most practical subjects we can teach. Who can estimate the value of the services rendered to the country by university professors who have been able to advise the government on the basis of data accumulated during a long period of years? Problems remaining to be solved in the Dutch East Indies, in Alaska, in South America, are not merely military problems. They will be solved in part by men who have studied, and are now studying, the economic, racial, and even religious character of the people who inhabit those areas of the globe. And so even with the mastery of foreign languages: it may be of prime practical importance in a world so shrunken geographically that nations once regarded as remote have now become our virtual neighbors. We need our arsenal of ideas and facts and civilian skills as well as our tank factories and our aeronautic training.

Woodcut by Charles Martin.

Yet, important to him as knowledge may be, a leader is characterized even more conspicuously by his power to act. This means that he must have the ability to sway men, to inspire the nation in right ways of thinking, to give effective and sane articulation to the ideals of the State. From a practical point of view, this means that we need men who excel in expression, whether oral or written. Our universities and colleges should help us here. Writers and speakers may be "born," but they also have to be bred; and the best place to breed 'em is in the schools. We need coördinators of opinion, clear thinkers, dynamic speakers and writers. There can be no substitute for eloquence. The nation will never be welded together by acts of the Congress alone. Enforcement of the law is always less successful than ready acceptance of law by the people. Even in times of crisis, the people can be led better than they can be coerced. They need direction. It is not enough that facts should be known; their significance must be *felt*. Our writers and speakers must make them felt.

For no nation was ever fused into unity without the aid of the arts, and there is a sense in which the literary staff is quite as important as the military. In times that try men's souls, we need more than material aid. Did not the American Revolution prove as much? Our independence was not won alone by muskets and Boston beans. It was won in large part by thinkers and "artists." Who were the men who cemented the national unity during *that* crisis? Who galvanized the nation into action? Washington, of course—but many others with him.

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Can we ever forget the "defense acts" of a Samuel Adams or a John Adams? Can we forget how much we owe to the cool sagacity of Citizen Franklin? How many people did more for the cause of American independence than Patrick Henry? And how could the far-flung Colonies have been emotionally banded together so well as by John Dickinson's "Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania," published in newspapers from Massachusetts to Georgia? Can we ever calculate the courage imparted to Americans, soldier and civilian, by the fiery tracts of Tom Paine? And consider the moral effect of "merely literary" works like Francis Hopkinson's "The Battle of the Kegs"—a rollicking, comic ballad which was set to music and was sung by marching troops. And was it not Washington himself who commanded the poet John Trumbull to write "something humorous" in the cause of freedom? It has been distressing of late to observe how many people are solemnly quoting from "Mein Kampf" as from some book of irresistible fate. Don't quote Hitler: caricature and burlesque him! Hand him over to the cartoonists. It is almost as important to laugh at an enemy as to shoot at him. A well-aimed burst of humor is worth many bombs. A nation's songs and poems and pictures are her psychological fortress. A certain proportion of her leaders must always be leaders in thought and expression. We must utter our heroism ere we can enact it. In this high sense the arts are practical.

Nor need we ransack history for illustration to show the function of art and eloquence in an active emergency. If the example of Britain proves anything, it proves that there are times when the will of a nation is more important than its arsenal. For it was Britain's will to carry on at a time when her arsenal was tragically deficient, to hold fast until her military and technological preparation could get into step with her determination to survive. And how was that will created? The answer is simple. There can be no doubt that the most important single fact in the history of the war to date has been the mighty eloquence of Churchill. He is the pivot on which the morale of an empire swings. His command of language, the written and the spoken word, is such that a whole people have been borne through incredibly discouraging conditions. His knowledge of facts is prodigious: it is no accident that he is a trained historian. The books he has written have fortified the British mind; his art as a speaker has lifted the British heart. Without his voice, his art, his grasp of hard fact, it is not too much to say, Britain would today be another of Hitler's conquests. Of course Churchill has had his aids, among them Anthony Eden, whose silver tongue has undoubtedly aided his country in ways that history will one day reveal. True, these men are exceptional men. Yet they are not freaks or sports, but the product of high native ability trained under right conditions. No one can read the life of Churchill without realizing that all the years that preceded his recent eminence were a period of partly-unconscious training for the great role that finally beckoned to him.

America too needs such leaders—whatever the future may bring. She needs potential statesmen. The schools and colleges of today must train the statesmen of years to come. Nor ought we to assume that men already trained in civil pursuits can be counted on to carry us through the "present emergency." Who knows how long the present emergency will last? In any case, the time of reconstruction which lies ahead will be in many ways as difficult as the present crisis. Then, if ever, will we need men of superior ability and sound training. Their training must be provided for now. The arts and the humanities will always be important. No emergency justifies their being allowed to languish. The highest uses of the arts are not demonstrable, but their practical bearing is inescapable. Then let our schools and colleges carry on in the confidence that they are serving a real and practical function of the State. This is no counsel to relax our military and mechanical preparation, but to recognize that our ultimate safety can be secured only by coördination between the various branches of the nation's resources. Part of these resources lie in the arsenal of civil education. A little more than a hundred years ago, when Europe and England feared Napoleon as they now fear Hitler, the poet Wordsworth could write:

> 'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
> The Governor who must be wise and good . . .

What the poet said is still true. We must be kind to our schools and colleges. They constitute an intangible but very real line of defense. Colleges do not create genius for leadership, but they provide a place where such genius can be fostered and trained. Our students of the arts and the humanities should be urged to believe that their work can be an integral part of the national defense.

Alexander Cowie is a member of the department of English of Wesleyan University.

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History of Our Times

DICTATORS AND DEMOCRATS. Edited by Lawrence Fernsworth. New York: Robert McBride Company. 1941. 375 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

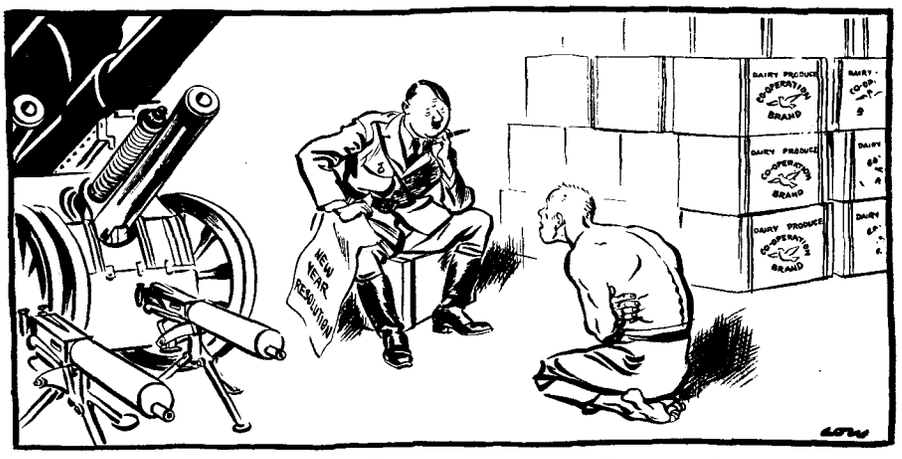
FOR the general reader, this anthology of interviews, portraits, and sketches is exciting reading. Characters of all shades are sharply drawn, ambitions and dreams born in five continents become vivid. And in a most colorful newsreel of politics one lives again through recent past and agonizing present. Here too is presented the human side of the "men on the throne."

Wherever no revealing political interview was available, Mr. Fernsworth invited some of the most outstanding journalists to write special articles for this book. Beach Conger and Mildred Gilman write about Goering, T. F. Healy about de Valera, C. F. Streit about Briand, Louis Adamic about King Alexander, Edward Hunter about Henry Pu Yi of Manchukuo, William Walton about Cordell Hull, Carleton Beals about Battista, and Mr. Fernsworth about Churchill.

Other of the interviews and portraits, no less illuminating, have been published before. Dorothy Thompson, H. R. Knickerbocker, and Lothrop Stoddard show us Hitler from three sides: the shrewd actor, the lecturer on economics, and the frantic, fanatic monologuist. Emil Ludwig contributes his unforgettable talk with Mussolini and Eugene Lyons the historic first interview granted by Stalin to any American journalist. Roosevelt, Pétain, Ciano, Trotzky, Konoye, Chiang Kai-shek, Camacho, Kemal Ataturk are presented in discussion with sagacious writers like Pierre van Paassen, Vincent Sheean, Ralph Ingersoll, Arthur Krock, Isaac Marcosson, and Clare Booth.

What make this really enjoyable book especially worthy are short introductions to each of the interviews written by Mr. Fernsworth with brilliance and political insight. Here one finds the necessary background data on all the great men. And one also finds some sidelights on the interviewers themselves. Since history is often no more than events and men seen through the eyes of the observer, one must not forget to view this observer when judging events and men.

"Dictators and Democrats" in this sense is not only a lively history of our times but also a monument to the foreign-correspondence interviewer who has recently emerged as the "king of all journalists."



—Guns or Butter *from "A Cartoon History of Our Times" by Low.*

Now It Can Be Told

BERLIN DIARY. By William L. Shirer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 605 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. WHITE

THIS is the best book on Germany in many years, and it will be as many more before a better one can be written. Shirer, who has lived in Germany from 1934 until this winter, knows the Nazis better than any other American, and is gifted with an eye for significant detail.

The first half of the book, a highly readable account of the prelude to catastrophe, has in part been covered by other observers, but never better than here. But the last three hundred pages bring to America completely fresh material. It is an account of the active phase of the war from behind the German lines and in many cases through Nazi eyes. It is packed with keen observation on new facts. I have yet to find anyone who picked the book up who was able to put it down unfinished.

Nothing escapes Shirer's marvellous eye, and, as Hitler passes casually by his restaurant table during the Munich crisis, he notes his "curious walk" which is "very ladylike. Dainty little steps. Every few steps he cocks his right shoulder nervously, his left leg snapping up as he does so." And at the same place Shirer picks up from Nazi "party hacks" the bit of news that "Hitler has been having some of his nervous crises lately * * * whenever he goes on a rampage about Beneš or the Czechs, he flings himself to the floor and chews the edges of the carpet," whence his private party nickname "Teppichfresser"—the "Carpet-eater." He also sees "Chamberlain, the image of an owl, smiling and apparently highly pleased in his vain way with some manufactured applause by a company of S.S. guards." Again Shirer sees Hitler, at the time of the French surrender last year in the historic railway car at Compiègne, reading its inscription, "afire with scorn, anger, hate, revenge, triumph. He steps off the monument and contrives to make even this gesture a masterpiece of contempt."

Later Shirer goes down to the coast to watch the big Heinkels roar off, up, and over to bomb London—"a thing I'll never forget about these coastal towns in Belgium and France is the way the people pray every night for the British bombers to come over, though often when their prayers are answered it means their death and often they cheer the bomb which kills them." And presently he goes on to describe something which "the Germans will shoot me for if the Gestapo ever finds these notes"—for he is "shocked by the way the German army has been abusing the Red Cross—" a gasoline dump, with a number of army oil trucks with red crosses on their sides and roofs, which "indeed looked like Red Cross ambulances. * * * A German officer hurriedly bundled us into our cars and got us off."

Almost as important as Shirer's clearly marshalled facts is the conclusion, which, at the end, emerges more and more clearly as a part of these facts. This is that National Socialism is the deadly enemy of our free, democratic way of life; it cannot possibly come to rest until it has conquered and dominates the world, and if it fails in this it will perish. Through a thousand little facts presented without bias in this gripping narrative the reader comes to realize that war between America and Hitler is inevitable, and that our only choice is whether to declare it while we have a chance to win it, or wait until Hitler declares it after that chance is gone.

"Berlin Diary" is the most important non-fiction book of the season; probably of the year.

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Strange as Fiction

SIR RICHARD BURTON'S WIFE. By Jean Burton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 378 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

MUCH humbug has been written about Richard Burton: far too much attention has been paid to his interest in the obscene, the abnormal, and the shocking. Or rather, the wrong kind of attention, for, as Miss Burton points out, Sir Richard Burton was unlucky in having not only the gift of an improper curiosity but also a genuine scientific interest before there was even the hint of a scientific method in the study of sexual behavior. This unfortunate attraction has obscured the true romance, the triumph and the tragedy of Burton's life. He has been too often estimated as an author, not as an explorer, an adventurer, and a man most unjustly treated who made the most of every grievance he enjoyed. The truth is Burton was only an amateur of letters, but a great man: and his love-story, in spite of certain ridiculous features, is one of the great love-stories of our time.

It is this story which Miss Burton tells in her life of that amazing, self-confident, devoted woman Isabel Arundell, who fell in love (she was nineteen years old) with Burton the first time she saw him in Boulogne, and married him ten years later, and henceforth sheltered, defended, praised, and pushed her great man on all possible and impossible occasions. Isabel was born in 1831. She came of a family which adhered to the "old religion": that is, she lived in a world which only in her girlhood (Catholic Emancipation came in 1829) began to touch the ordinary world of English society. A knowledge of that close, stiff, resolute, rather prim and vehemently self-assured group of old Roman Catholic families is needed to understand at once the realism and the fantasy of Isabel's character. She was devout, superstitious, confident: her mental background was of the seventeenth century rather than Victorian. Here immediately was a link with Burton who could have been at ease with Raleigh and Grenville, with Kenel Digby or Charles II or Rochester, but in his own day found few who could tolerate him, fewer whom he could tolerate. When Isabel first met him, he was back from the Indian Army, and under a cloud. Charles Napier had asked him to make an investigation into the sexual abnormalities of the people of Scinde; Burton had performed the task with so devastating a thoroughness that his

—*From the book.*

Lady Burton

report (Napier had left and other authorities received it) scandalized his superiors who concluded that a man who would do such work, and find out so much of vice, must himself be vicious. From this suspicion Burton never freed himself: and smarting under the injustice he took a grim pleasure in heightening the picture of his wickedness by fantastic invention.

Isabel was the first, and indeed the only person who treated him as a hero, a philosopher, and the greatest man alive: if she had been a fool, that would have been no good. But she was no fool, and no man can read without emotion the way in which she worked to get justice for her husband. She bullied the army, the foreign office, the Prime Minister: she attacked learned societies; at long last she got a knighthood for Richard, and in the desperate illness of his last years she, already smitten by cancer, nursed him without ever letting him know how fatally ill she was.

Their happiest years were, perhaps, those when Richard was consul at Trieste: Burton's idea of a consulate was a job that gave him an income to travel on while his assistant did the work. Isabel heartily agreed with this view, and so he wandered the world, sometimes alone, more often with her. She managed his business affairs, she copied his manuscripts, she saw his books through the press; and all her life she tried to bring him to the true faith, only to have to rest content with the fact that Richard enjoyed the society of priests, especially of Jesuits, and said more than once that, if he ever adhered to a church, it would be the Church of Rome.

Miss Burton's book is painstaking if rather uninspired. It is not free from mistakes. Miss Burton, for instance, quotes Frank Harris's essay on Burton in apparent ignorance of the unreliability of its facts. Still these are slight flaws in a book which pays belated tribute to a woman who, in spite of all difficulties, of the insane jealousy and hatred felt for her by Burton's family, did her utmost to help the life-work and serve the reputation of the man she had married.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

UNUSUAL MIDDLE NAMES

Out-of-the-ordinary middle names may not be essential to successful authorship, but it is astonishing how many writers have them. Can you supply the first and last names of the forty authors whose middle names are given here? Allowing 2½ points for each one correctly identified, a score of 70 is par, 80 is good, and 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 12.

1. ..... Arlington .....
2. ..... Babington .....
3. ..... Bailey .....
4. ..... Barr .....
5. ..... Bernard .....
6. ..... Branch .....
7. ..... Brinsley .....
8. ..... Buchanan .....
9. ..... Bysshe .....
10. ..... Chandler .....
11. ..... Conan .....
12. ..... Cullen .....
13. ..... Cuyler .....
14. ..... Everett .....
15. ..... Fenimore .....
16. ..... Gabriel .....
17. ..... Greenleaf .....
18. ..... Jacques .....
19. ..... Keith .....
20. ..... Langhorne .....
21. ..... Love .....
22. ..... Lutwidge .....
23. ..... Makepeace .....
24. ..... Orne .....
25. ..... Payson .....
26. ..... Pierce .....
27. ..... Rann .....
28. ..... Russell .....
29. ..... Scawen .....
30. ..... Schwenck .....
31. ..... Seidel .....
32. ..... Shrewsbury .....
33. ..... St. Vincent .....
34. ..... Taylor .....
35. ..... Vaughn .....
36. ..... Wadsworth .....
37. ..... Waldo .....
38. ..... Wendell .....
39. ..... Wing .....
40. ..... Whitcomb .....

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Brazilian Chronicles

AMAZON THRONE. By Bertita Harding. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1941. 353 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

HERE in the United States we are so ignorant of the history of our neighbors to the south that most of us would be merely puzzled by any reference to the emperors of Brazil, although for more than eighty years of the nineteenth century Rio de Janeiro was the capital of a Braganza dynasty and for sixty-seven of an independent, democratic American empire, a fact of primary significance in the history of nearly half the South American continent. Any book which helps remedy our ignorance of the fascinating story of the greatest of our sister republics ought to be welcome.

The settlement of the royal family of Portugal in Brazil after they had fled across the Atlantic to escape Napoleon's "new order," not only provided the unique spectacle of the transfer of a legitimate reigning dynasty from the Old World to the New, and of a mother country being governed for more than a decade thereafter from one of its colonies, but greatly accelerated the economic and cultural development of the greater Portugal overseas. The ports of Brazil were opened for the first time to the commerce of the world, and Rio became a vigorous center of intellectual activity and administrative reform. When King John VI returned, not without reluctance, to Lisbon in 1821 he left his eldest son as Regent of the Kingdom of Brazil, and a little more than a year later that kingdom, in order to protect its constitutional reforms, separated from the mother country with a remarkable avoidance of bitterness and bloodshed, and proclaimed the regent Emperor of Brazil. Though the new emperor, Dom Pedro I, proved something of a disappointment to his subjects they remained loyal to the house of Braganza, and the amazing progress of the nation during the next half century was due in no small measure to the wisdom, tact, and moderation of his son, Dom Pedro II, one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century, and one of the most admirable and attractive royal figures in history. In his resolute pacificism, his genuine democracy, his broad tolerance, his passionate interest in education Dom Pedro II was a true representative of the best characteristics of his people who not only prospered materially under his enlightened guidance but moved intelligently and humanely towards the solution of political and social problems graver in appearance than those which confronted any other Western nation, problems which they solved nevertheless, even the terrible problem of slavery, without any of the bloodshed and disorder which accompanied their solution elsewhere.

This family history of the Brazilian Braganzas gives Pedro II its last eighty pages, but mentions his umbrella more often than his statesmanship, and emphasizes his middle class manners rather than his liberal ideas. Many people tend to find a hardworking, serious minded, respectable sovereign dull and slightly comic. They will approve Mrs. Harding's decision to give the longer treatment to the short reign of Pedro I, who managed to pack into ten years enough aimless and disastrous militarism, backstairs intrigue, extravagance, and adultery to ruin most monarchies for a century, and those who enjoy Pedro I will be glad that in the first part of this study attention is fixed not on the reforms of John VI but on his grotesque marital infelicities. In spite of its formidable bibliography this book, as its proportions confess, is not a serious history of the Brazilian Empire, but a selection among the spicier pages of its court chronicles. Of its kind it is first rate. Its anecdotes, picturesque, titillating, or ridiculous are shrewdly chosen and set down in a tripping prose as easy to read as a daily gossip column. It is meant to be scanned not by scholars in a library but by matrons in comfortable deck chairs while the great white cruise ship goes rolling down to Rio.

—*From the book.*

Dom Pedro II

Career Woman

NO MEASURE DANCED. By Harry Lee. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 466 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS grim story of a successful woman executive is not likely to be chosen by the Business and Professional Women's Clubs as their book of the month. Although the picture of Lily Stagg is unpretty and untouched, the novelist does not preach and generalize; he does not imply that all women who reject the conventional pattern of a woman's life —husband, home, children—for certain economic security, even affluence, and a tidy bachelor apartment are unhappy and unconsoled by a sterile sort of independence. "No Measure Danced" is the familiar story of the aggressive, ambitious person who gets what he wants from life, but discovers too late that the price exacted is too high. It is a story worth telling and retelling, and in this second novel by the young Atlanta painter Harry Lee it is told remarkably well.

The early part of the novel is almost pure Dreiser with its naturalistic descriptions, its passive characters at the mercy of forces they do not understand, its hopeless classification of human beings as weak or strong, not good or bad. But Lily is not destined to remain a Sister Carrie or a Jennie Gerhardt, and she deserts the ranks of the weak for the strong. Discarding such encumbrances as child and husband and keeping her eye always on the main chance, she climbs steadily to her "success," only to find it empty and meaningless. The story is consistently Lily's, and is always in focus. In her battle she becomes not only unsympathetic, callous, and unscrupulous, but dishonest with herself. Her final tragedy is Hedda Gabler's: she is unable to love, and her liaisons and unecstatic affairs with men only emphasize her aloneness.

"No Measure Danced" is a superior novel not only for its sharp portraiture but also for a fascinating picture of a great department store. With the loving care of an Arnold Bennett the author gives us details of its mechanism, its high pressure drive, its human tragedies. We read with horrified interest—does big business begrime all who are connected with it? Are Hitlerian opportunism and ruthlessness basic in our commerce and industry? "If business is battle, name it so: War-crimes less will shame it so." It would be interesting to have honest reviews of this novel by a manager of a large department store and by a wrapping clerk.

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of Literature

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Harrison Smith
Publisher

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BOOKS NOT TO READ THIS SUMMER

MECHANICAL, cheaply fabricated escape stories, such as the inferior, not the superior, brand of detective stories, and pulpy sentimental novels. The result of such reading in months like these is like a feverish nap on a strenuous day from which one awakes with a slight headache and a bad taste in the mouth. Good escape stories which, for a while at least, powerfully lift the reader into another time, another space, are to be recommended. Such books charge the mind, refresh it, and bring it back to reality, calmed and strengthened. Not to be recommended in a time of stress are all partisan diatribes, all metaphysical analyses of the immediate past or present which leave the imagination shadow-boxing with confusion while the simpler issues of necessity are deferred or forgotten. There are years when the earnest reader wishes and needs most of all to reconsider all his faiths, analyze all his actions, and prepare to go back to some firm ground for a fresh start. Such years were the twenties of this century. There are other years when it seems to be essential for the self-respecting mind to prize what it has, gird up its beliefs, act upon the experience, and simplify rather than disintegrate. Such a year is 1941. Books on What I Say in Poland or How I Left Crete or The Inside Story of Roumania; this is a counsel against excess. Our news sheets are crowded with day-by-day experience and commentary—and so is the reader. Our minds are crammed with second-hand observations and the hastily formed opinions of others. Some withdrawal, some detachment is indicated if we are to have opinions of our own on the beginnings of great movements immediately around us. This is not an isolationist's advice. We cannot and should not divorce our imaginations from Europe and Asia; but the good reader will be careful not to sit at his foreign news like an idler at the movies who remembers only the flash of a picture, or the end of a story. Or rather, if he has to do this in the news sheets which crowd upon him, let him go after solid meat of fact and explanation in his books.

BOOKS TO READ THIS SUMMER

We have already recommended the best of "escape" books, particularly good romance and the realistic novel of manners written with irony and good humor. Add history. Never was such a useful time for reading history. We do not mean such recent history as may be useful in explaining the causes of the present world disaster. We have not read enough of this; we shall have to read much more. But it would seem most advisable in the midst of the conflict itself to seek those records of human nature under stress which are less immediate to us, less subject to color by our prejudices, and therefore more truly impressive, perhaps more truly informative. Thucydides has already been suggested in these columns. May we add, without attempting to make a bibliography, other themes and periods, a study of which makes it easier to get, for moments at least, a philosophic detachment from our own struggle, which is, after all, only a few yards further on in the tapestry of world history? Let us suggest the records of those great explosive movements of the past, the rise and spread of the Mohammedan Empire and the expansion of Spain (with the resistance of the Netherlands) or, in a different phase, those centuries when, once before, there was an occupied and an unoccupied France, broken morale—and Jeanne d'Arc. Add the too little read of period just after our own Revolution, when a lone federation failed, and then, by relinquishing sovereign powers, brilliantly succeeded. The invasions of the Mongols with their successes over complacent civilizations, and their failure to break down the traditional civilization of the Mediterranean firmly based in Byzantium, is a most instructive story, whose point Gibbon missed. Nor is to be forgotten the brilliant and tragic history of the Italian Renaissance and its have-not invaders, where failure to hang together was a prelude to a decline into decadence.

On the whole, history, not historical romances, not purely fictional history—but history written by a creative and interpretative mind well based on scholarship, a mind like that of Henry Adams or the late H.A.L. Fisher, such history is probably the best of all good reading for Americans in the summer of 1941. We have been shown the library which constituted the reading supply for a year for one group in a concentration camp—a minute "Faust," a minute Bible, and two old copies of the *Reader's Digest!* But it is not of enforced leisure, and what it might feed upon, that we are writing, but of the possibilities of the free reader, likely to be deeply engaged in action yet with access to books and a desire to keep the wheels of his imagination turning. For him, this advice.

H. S. C.

Guide to New Harmony, Indiana

Marguerite Young

YOU come to this old village by a ferry
Which wheezes and trembles in a spasm,
But the iron clapper by the river clearly
Has called the fisherman across the chasm.

There will be two blind horses dragging
Fallen ash trunks from the wooded side,
And all the way the journey will be lagging.
You will think the Wabash is too wide.

There will be a sailor cursing and
Telling loudly of better rivers crossed,
How for an acre of Indiana land
The Ganges and the Amazon were lost,

These, and new lions, and crocodiles
Innocent as babies, all he bought for
Circuses a thousand, thousand miles
Lost forever, behind a Rappite door.

Then you will walk alone into the sleeping
Village where one house is like the other.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Plains Horse

SIR:—Although it has never been my practice to protest publicly against unfavorable reviews of my books, I feel that in fairness to myself I must reply, at least in part, to Mr. Phil Stong's review of "West of the River," in the *Saturday Review of Literature* of June 14.

Apparently Mr. Stong did not read my foreword to the book, in which I state specifically that I am not a formal historian and that the book is in no way a formal history of the West. If he did read that foreword he is, I think, unfair in criticizing me for not doing certain things which I never pretended to do. The book is not an attempt to add to the historical knowledge of the West, nor is it an interpretation of that history; it is the mere retelling of a story, no more, an effort to gather into one volume certain widely scattered information.

Mr. Stong's remarks about the way the book is written are entirely his own affair and I make no protest about them. But when he accuses me of certain false statements I do object. Mr. Stong says: "No one but Miss Gardiner is positive about the origin of the Plains horse . . . One can say with a fair degree of certainty that they were not, as Miss Gardiner puts it, runaways from the Spanish ranches far to the south." My statement that "the horse was a refugee from Spanish ranches in Mexico" is borne out by many authorities—I cite Wellman, "The Trampling Herd" and Rollin, "The Cowboy." Moreover, Mr. Stong misquotes me—I do not say "far to the south" but "to the south," which is something else. Apparently Mr. Stong has forgotten that at the time the horse appeared on the Plains "Mexico" included most of the present southwestern United States. Santa Fé was the capital of a province of Mexico, but it was not in existence in 1598, the date given by Mr. Stong. Santa Fé was not founded until after 1609—the exact year is a matter of controversy.

When Mr. Stong says that "a horse that 'walks at the pace of a man' and considers twenty miles a solid day's stint should be canned for corned beef" he reveals a devastating ignorance of Plains travel on horseback, in the past and today. It is clear that Mr. Stong never rode the same horse across the West, day in and day out, or he would never make such a statement. Since it is obvious that he considers my own knowledge of the West as inaccurate and unreliable and would therefore be reluctant to believe any fact drawn from my own experience, I suggest that he read the books written by Army men of the Old West: Captain Randolph Marcy, Lieutenant Eugene Ware, General Grenville M. Dodge, and others.

In particular Mr. Stong should refer to George Bird Grinnell's book on the North brothers, "Two Great Scouts." On Page 18 of that volume he will find the flat statement that the distance covered by a horse on a day's march on the Plains was about what a man could do on foot, *twenty to twenty-five miles*. Most cavalry horses, according to Grinnell (and I doubt if even Mr. Stong will question him on the matter) walked from two and a half to three miles an hour, and one that "walked four miles an hour was unusual . . . In military expeditions the infantry usually kept up with the cavalry." Mr. Stong seems unaware of the fact that few long marches on horseback are made on the dead run, particularly not across the Great Wide Open Spaces.

Through an oversight the bibliography for "West of the River" was omitted from the printed volume. That bibliography, which includes some 250 items selected from over 400 sources consulted while I was writing the book, I shall be delighted to furnish Mr. Stong, if he is interested in it, which I doubt. The MS of "West of the River," together with the bibliography, is now in the Historical Collections of the New York Public Library, there deposited at the request of the authorities who rule the American History Room of that Library.

DOROTHY GARDINER.
New York City.

"I'd like a history book in which everybody lives happily ever after!"

In Extenuation

SIR:—In Mr. Roberts's excellent review of G. B. Stern's "Another Part of the Forest" [*SRL*, June 7], you say: "I do not know whence she derived the fallacy that 'A Shropshire Lad' was written when A. E. Housman was twenty."

As I shared this opinion with G. B. Stern, I attempted to analyze this. Perhaps it is because in "A Shropshire Lad, II" A. E. says:

> Now, of my threescore years and ten,
> Twenty will not come again,
> And take from seventy springs a score,
> It only leaves me fifty more.

Will this serve as an apology for the incomparable G. B. Stern?

WALTER A. BASHFORTH.
Arlington, N. J.

A Possibility

SIR:—Are you planning to publish in book form Howard Collins's "Your Literary I. Q."? I am sure that many of us who follow religiously these excellent Literary Q. & A.'s would find a complete collection in book form most interesting and helpful.

FRANCIS H. HENSHAW.
Pittsfield, Mass.

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A Man Who Was Unafraid

EDITH M. STERN

SCRATCH a middle-aged publisher or writer today, and very likely you'll find a Boni and Liveright employee of the 1920's. That brownstone house at 61 West 48th Street, long since torn down to make room for an angular skyscraper, was a hatchery of talent: obscure youngsters who worked there at run-of-the-mill jobs have since become Names.

Lillian Hellman, for instance—winner of this year's Drama Critics' Award, author of "The Watch on the Rhine," "The Little Foxes" and "The Children's Hour"—served as a vivacious, glorified kind of office girl, general publicity-editorial factotum. Manuel Komroff, in pre-"Coronet" days, labored as manufacturing manager: he had not yet tasted the fleshpots of *The Saturday Evening Post,* and the high prestige and low returns from his short stories in *Reedy's Mirror, Broom,* and *The Dial* were no substitute for a steady job. Louis Kronenberger, *PM's* dramatic critic, ex-*Fortune* and *Time* editor, came to Boni and Liveright to read manuscripts as a slim, bespectacled youth who had been supplementing the meager and erratic income from book reviewing with tutoring. Leane Zugsmith, novelist and short story writer, now also on the staff of *PM,* dashed off publicity during the latter twenties. Jim Neugass, left-wing poet, performed his duties as office boy in made-to-order English tweeds, as Beatrice Kaufman, reader, plowed through piles of manuscripts in a succession of gorgeous costumes. Maurice Hanline, who has written, among other screen plays, the script of "Four Daughters," had only a slim, privately printed poem behind him when he occupied a desk in the advertising department.

Towards the Right, from selling for Boni and Liveright, proceeded Edward A. Weeks, now editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*; towards the Left, Isidor Schneider, present staff member of *The New Masses,* author of "Dr. Transit" while he was still advertising manager. His assistant, a small gentleman with a beautiful voice, went on to Columbia Broadcasting for better things than clipping-cutting: his name was David Ross.

The firm was a nursery for independent publishers now powers in the world of books. Dick Simon of Simon and Shuster began his publishing career as a Liveright salesman. So did Bennett Cerf of Random House—boyish still today, even more boyish when he carried Liveright dummies to booksellers. Their senior, Julian Messner, now owner of Julian Messner, Inc., was vice-president and sales manager.

Some place, in some firm, there may be a similar group of young people unobviously being fertilized for as spectacular a flowering a decade and a half from now. But in this socially-conscious and hard-pressed world, I cannot imagine where. The Boni and Liveright office was the Jazz Age in microcosm, with all its extremes of hysteria and of cynicism, of Carpe Diem, of decadent thriftlessness, and of creative vitality. To recapture its atmosphere one would not, like Proust, dip a madeleine into a cup of tea, but a canapé into bathtub gin.

Yet though the madness, the extravagances, the orgies, the empty bottles that occasionally littered the stairs in the morning and the parties that cut into office hours are the truth, they are by no means the whole truth. So much did they fascinate contemporaries for whom Horace loved to put on a show, so much have they been publicized in print, on the screen, and by word of mouth, since his death, by both the tenderly nostalgic and the jealous, that they have tended to obscure the profound emotional and intellectual ferment whose end products were literature—and people.

Whether Horace Liveright was a great publisher because he set off the Renaissance of the twenties or, sensitive to its currents, acted as its chief conductor, it is still too early to say, and is as unimportant as deciding between the hen and the egg. That, par excellence, he embodied it, is enough. He had flairs—hunches—instincts—call them what you will, for they transcended judgment—which he applied both to choosing employees, and titles for his lists. Sometimes his flashes seemed almost visible, like lightning. The lightning, of course, did not always strike, as when he proclaimed that Edwin Justus Mayer's mind was "the greatest since Shakespeare." But more often than not, against apparent reason, he was right. He had no truck with nonentities, whether personalities or books. The titles he published were literature, of current significance, or flamboyant. The employees he chose had vivid personalities, keen minds. Both they and his authors stayed with him, because for all his trying unpredictability and exhibitionism he had the heroic quality, rare in both publishers and employers, of encouraging you to be yourself. The longtime result was the galaxy of office alumni; the contemporary, a remarkable list.

Under the Boni and Liveright imprint were Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" that brought the author his long-overdue popular recognition; Hendrik Van Loon's "Story of Mankind" which had been turned

(*Continued on page* 14)

Carl Klein

Horace Liveright

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Despots of England

ROD OF IRON: THE ABSOLUTE RULERS OF ENGLAND. By Milton Waldman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1941. 274 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

OF the genres of literature it seems fairly safe to say that few ever die. Some indeed are often for years or even for generations much out of fashion; but they are rarely altogether without practitioners. The long historical essay, after flourishing in Victorian times, has almost disappeared, now that historians have turned to producing exclusively either monographs loaded with footnotes or text-books loaded with illustrations. Yet in our own days the extended historical essay has a most expert practitioner in Mr. Milton Waldman, whose latest book has the same virtues of liveliness, compression, skill both in narrative and analysis that were displayed in his "England's Elizabeth" and "Biography of a Family."

"Rod of Iron" is even more clearly than these other books an essay in historical interpretation. In less than three hundred pages, Mr. Waldman can do no more than follow through two centuries of English history the theme of personal dictatorship. After a short prologue on John, who failed to make himself dictator in a feudal England, Mr. Waldman takes up Henry VIII and Elizabeth, whose Tudor heartiness and tact, in the changed England of enclosures, nascent capitalism, and a crumbling "cake of custom," made them successful Renaissance despots. Finally, as a climax, come Charles II and Cromwell, the royal absolutist who lost his head and the country gentleman who as Lord Protector forged his own rod of iron. These crowded years are not skipped over in Mr. Waldman's pages with a few abstractions from political theory or institutional history; on the contrary, in spite of the necessity for compression, he remains true to his genre, and gives a touch—very different from the text-book touch—to all the varied elements of the story, personalities, beliefs, habits, institutions, drama, accident.

Indeed, one of the best things in Mr. Waldman's book is the brief and unpretentious preface, in which he has a bout with the old question: do personalities make events, or events personalities? Mr. Waldman notes sensibly that in practice the two are inseparable: "Events and personality constitute a dynamic equation, a system of action and reaction so exact that neither can affect the other without being affected in equal degree." And in his own practice he lives up to the difficult standards thus set. He is especially good on Cromwell, and, what is harder to achieve, on the peculiar revolutionary *milieu* in which Cromwell rose to power. Mr. Waldman's gifts as historical essayist come out at their best in such pithy and sensible comments as this on the Roundheads and their leader (if, indeed, leader is the word): "They [the Roundheads] tended to divide into practical men and idealists, politicians and bigots; in him [Cromwell] an instinct for action schooled by a habit of deep meditation had achieved a fusion of the practical and the idealistic so nearly final and effective as to have left him too rigid for the politicians and too supple for the bigots, with an impatient fundamental scorn for both."

Milton Waldman

Leonard Bacon

Pulitzer Prize Poems

SUNDERLAND CAPTURE AND OTHER POEMS. By Leonard Bacon. New York: Harper & Bros. 61 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

TO judge Leonard Bacon's poetry by this single volume—for which he has recently been awarded the Pulitzer Prize—is perhaps not entirely fair, for there is much variety in his ten or a dozen published books, and "Sunderland Capture" shows his talent at its slightest. This little book presents an interesting problem, for it focusses the reader's attention upon the first and chief division among the categories of poetry—the division of poems into those which represent the author's retreat from his world and those which represent him surging forward and upward with the world in his wake.

Mr. Bacon's poems belong in the first-mentioned division. His satire seems to be a kind of wrathful answer turning away softness, his rapture a bundling up of clouds to stuff into cracks and keyholes and thus keep out the sounds of the world. He is above all else an educated, a cultivated, and a sensitive man. It is hard to believe that he doesn't like people but his poems give the impression that he does not. Perhaps this is because his fastidiousness makes him uneasy about meeting the world on its own terms. What seems more likely, from the internal evidence contained in "Sunderland Capture," is that Mr. Bacon actually does not think very clearly, and has never yet been able to reconcile man's place in the library with man's place in nature.

There are several lyrics which show the poet at his best. "False Foxglove," a genuinely charming poem, is almost completely successful. "Turk's Cap Lily" is only slightly less successful although it is marred by the occasional academic creaking of what seems to be a deliberate roughness of phrase. The two longest poems in the volume —"Sunderland Capture," from which the book takes its title, and "The Obscure Wood," from which it might better have taken it—are interesting because they express the poet's inability, in the first, to catch fish in the pool of his mind when anyone else is about and, in the second, to decide what it is that he is thinking about. "Sunderland Capture" rises to a real height at the end, but "The Obscure Wood" sputters and gets lost.

This is the poetry of reaction. Mr. Bacon tags along behind his muse, sulking a little and looking the other way. It is a pity, for he has all the equipment with which to lead her.

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Liquid History

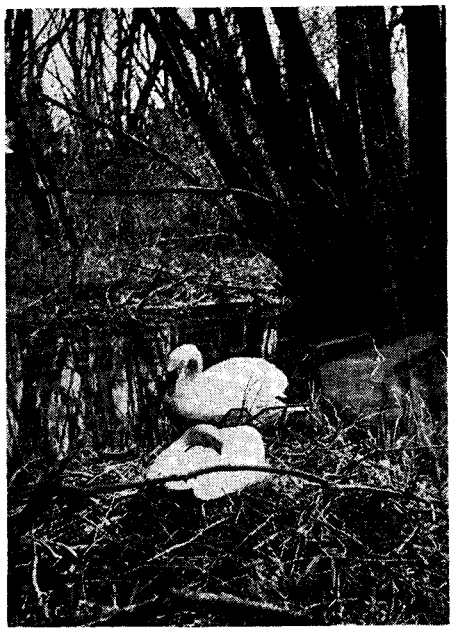
SWEET THAMES RUN SOFTLY. Written and illustrated by Robert Gibbings. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1941. 230 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

WE all know the remark about the Thames being "liquid history"; in Mr. Gibbings's pleasurable drift downstream it is, however, natural history that he chiefly celebrates. We receive our first intimation that this will be so on the first page of the preface, when he describes the flat-bottomed boat, aptly named *The Willow,* which he built for his voyage, for he constructed it with lockers in which "a microscope and other bits of apparatus might be stored," to "make the journey more interesting." Accordingly the most curious and delightful facts of botany and zoölogy emerge. Did you know, for instance, that spiders thrill to music, limpets peregrinate at night, woodpeckers dislike the sun in their eyes while nesting, and lichen yields a rich purple dye? Did you ever know a mouse who trimmed an indiarubber? Could you write a couple of brilliant and entertaining pages on mud, or that "thick felt" we so unperceptively call by the blanket name of grass? Can you tell the time of day accurately by the behavior of flowers? Did a fish ever eat from your hand? Mr. Gibbings could give an affirmative answer to all those questions, while such matters as the pulse-rate of birds and the beauty of gravel are no secret to him.

Mr. Gibbings, whose engravings are justly well known, is a lecturer at Reading University and has lived for fifteen years in the Thames valley. He begins his excursion at the proper place, the actual source of the river in the well near Cirencester, and from time to time he makes efforts to follow the river methodically downstream to London. But then some fish behave oddly with a piece of weed, or a snail breathes, or a shower falls, or a girl swims, and at once Mr. Gibbings is off in the paths of scientific or psychological speculation. He has a nice humor and a broadly based philosophy, feels the unity of all living things and rejoices that the non-human world is as yet unaffected by the human folly of war. His landscapes, whether in words or woodcuts, have not only charm but strength of line, which reveals his very accurate observation. Altogether this is a highly agreeable if discursive and rather unfocussed book. Edmund Spenser would be pleased, I think, to know that his "Prothalamion" had provided its title.

Phyllis Bentley, who has been in this country for some months, has now returned to England. She will resume her war work as well as her writing on her return.



From "Thames Portrait," by E. Arnot Robinson (Macmillan).

The Thames at Cirencester

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Edwin Arlington Robinson.
2. Thomas Babington Macaulay.
3. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
4. George Barr McCutcheon.
5. George Bernard Shaw.
6. James Branch Cabell.
7. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
8. Thomas Buchanan Read.
9. Percy Bysshe Shelley.
10. Joel Chandler Harris.
11. Arthur Conan Doyle.
12. William Cullen Bryant.
13. Henry Cuyler Bunner.
14. Edward Everett Hale.
15. James Fenimore Cooper.
16. Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
17. John Greenleaf Whittier.
18. Jean Jacques Rousseau.
19. Gilbert Keith Chesterton.
20. Samuel Langhorne Clemens.
21. Thomas Love Peacock.
22. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.
23. William Makepeace Thackeray.
24. Sarah Orne Jewett.
25. Albert Payson Terhune.
26. Franklin Pierce Adams.
27. Charles Rann Kennedy.
28. James Russell Lowell.
29. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.
30. William Schwenck Gilbert.
31. Henry Seidel Canby.
32. Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb.
33. Edna St. Vincent Millay.
34. Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
35. William Vaughn Moody.
36. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
37. Ralph Waldo Emerson.
38. Oliver Wendell Holmes.
39. Arthur Wing Pinero.
40. James Whitcomb Riley.

City Transit

FARES, PLEASE! From Horse-Cars to Streamliners. By John Anderson Miller. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1941. 204 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROGER BURLINGAME

UNTIL now, whoever was interested in the history of city transit was obliged to dig the pieces out of a variety of dull treatises, old magazine articles, and technical books. With his new book: "Fares, Please!" John Anderson Miller has done this job for us and has produced, moreover, an entertaining picture against the background of more than a century of social change. Much of it is easily rememberable to many of us and hence nostalgic: we can feel again the rattle of the iron tired omnibus over the cobbles and smell the steamy heat of a coal-warmed street car on a wet morning. A little beyond any present memory is Broadway, New York, in the days when individually owned busses, fifteen seconds apart, raced with one another for passengers at the corners.

The cable car and the overhead and underground electric trolley, the now obsolescent "L," the subway, the inter-urban trolley systems, the forgotten "jitney," and, finally, the resurgent bus "rolling on rubber" follow each other rapidly in Mr. Anderson's pages but with no neglect of detail. Necessary technical description is quickly and adroitly handled and the author passes on to ticket collecting, snow-ploughs, emergency repairs, care of horses, cables, powerhouses; franchises, mergers, and the pressure of public opinion.

The reader who has taken city transit for granted as a dreary and commonplace business will find unexpected curiosities in this history. I had not known, for instance, that trolley-car funerals were once popular in Baltimore after a magnificent hearse-car was put into service there in 1900. When cable cars were running, small boys used to hitch their toy wagons to the cable and ride for blocks between the tracks. Transfer tickets once bore pictures of different types of passengers so that a smooth-shaven man could not use a transfer on which a whiskered picture was punched.

Mr. Anderson has used primary sources throughout. The book is packed with illustrations made from contemporary prints, drawings, diagrams, and photographs; they show transit development from Lausanne to Buenos Aires, from Paris to Honolulu and from 1827 to 1940.

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Between Wars

PROBLEMS OF MODERN EUROPE. By J. Hampden Jackson and Kerry Lee. The Facts at a Glance. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 128 *pp., with bibliography.* $1.75.

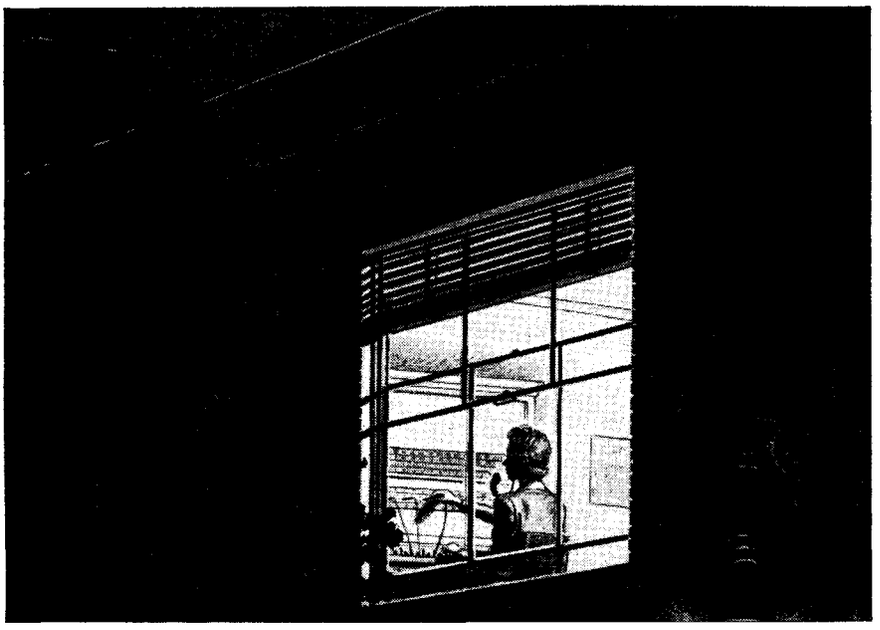
Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

IF there is any subject upon which we need illumination, it is "problems of modern Europe." Merely to blame everything on That Man in the Brown House is to miss the lessons of the twenty years between wars. These lessons are here discussed by the author of a standard work on Finland and an artist now in the R.A.F. Messrs. Jackson and Lee present the "facts at a glance" through stylized maps and pictorial statistics. Such problems as the resources of the great powers, capital movements, minorities, and colonies are all illustrated by rows of little ore cars, ships, cotton bales, cows, and money bags. Opposite each page of illustrations are a few brief paragraphs of explanatory text, simple, accurate, and remarkably impartial. After dealing with the basic problems, economic resources, and the search for security, the authors conclude that economic federation offers the most hope for the future.

Whether you like this book depends entirely upon whether you like your facts and interpretation straight or with pictograms. This reviewer prefers the former, but admits the utility of illustrated statistics in presenting purely factual problems. More abstract questions—like disarmament and sanctions—prove less tractable for the illustrator. The volume contains a wealth of useful figures for ready reference, but employs so many different symbols that the reader is frequently compelled to consult the introductory pages.

Despite the difficulty of criticizing compilations of statistics and rather overly-simplified text, three minor flaws require comment. In portraying the "peacetime cost of war," the authors unwisely chose 1938, a year which rearmament and diplomatic crisis had removed from the category of normal, peacetime periods. "Champions of Democracy" is perhaps a misnomer for a page which includes India and the British, Dutch, and Belgian colonies. A page illustrating "An International Cartel," finally, lists the United States and Canada under "U.S.A. Steel Cartel," producing thirty-four million tons in 1935 and the "European Steel Cartel," producing thirty-six million tons; it does not explain or compare these "cartels."

James Frederick Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.



"I judge the telephone company by the people who work for it"

A little while ago a Vermont newspaper editor, John Hooper, commented on the telephone company and its people. His words express so well the ideals toward which we are striving that we quote them here.

"I DON'T know how big the telephone company is, but it is big enough to exceed my mental grasp of business.

"But I don't find myself thinking of it as a business, even in my day-to-day contacts. Rather, my attention is on the voice that says, 'Number, please.' I find myself wondering if that voice is feeling as well as it always seems to, or if it feels just as hot and weary as I do, and would say so if it wasn't the kind of voice it is.

"The first time the business angle really struck home was when I read that my friend Carl had completed thirty years with the company.

"Now it happens that I know something of the details of those thirty years with the company, and I believe they are a credit both to Carl and to the big business for which he works.

"In 1907 Carl was a high school boy confronted with the need for earning money in his spare time. He happened to get a job as Saturday night operator in the telephone exchange. He worked at this job for three years and then entered the university.

"While in college he did some substituting at the exchange in his home town in vacations. After graduation, he was hired full time by the telephone company, not in an 'executive' position which some folks think goes with a college diploma, but as a lineman.

"Within a year he was made wire chief of the district, a job which he held for the next ten years. He was then transferred to a larger city as manager of the office. Then he was promoted to sales manager of the division.

"A year later he was sent to another State, as district manager. In less than a year after this appointment, he was made manager for the entire State.

"Carl got where he is in a big business by intelligence and industry. And that is a story well known in the American pattern of life. But we shouldn't forget that a big business got Carl where he is because it also was intelligent and industrious.

"I don't know much about the telephone company as a business; I can only judge it by the people who work for it. Just where the dividing line is between a business and the people who work for it, I don't know. I don't think there is any line."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS BROADCAST EVERY MONDAY. (N.B.C. RED NETWORK, 8 P.M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME.)

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A MAN WHO WAS UNAFRAID

(*Continued from page* 10)

down by seventeen publishers; the suavities of George Moore and of James Huneker and the stark shockers of William Faulkner, of Ben Hecht, and of Sherwood Anderson. Roger Martin du Gard's "The Thibaults," recently reissued with shouts and hosannahs, appeared quietly, as did the first books by unknowns like Liam O'Flaherty and Ernest Hemingway. Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen," Anita Loos's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and Samuel Ornitz's anonymous "autobiography" of a judge, "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl" swept the country. There were novels by Rose Macaulay and Sarah Gertrude Millin; non-fiction by Waldo Frank and Harry Kemp and Francis Hackett and Ludwig Lewisohn; and always the classics in the Modern Library, Boni and Liveright's until Bennett Cerf took it over on his own.

Scandalous books, for their time, many of them—and Horace relished the scandal. It brought publicity, and sales. He liked being known as Mrs. Grundy's personal defier. Opening from his office was a zinc-lined shower bath, garishly painted with a frog, flowers, and cattails, to commemorate what had become legendary even a few years after the event. As I recall the story, when a Boni and Liveright book had been banned in Boston, Horace had declared that only the dirty-minded could possibly object to it; for himself, he believed in such utter frankness that he took shower baths before his children. A columnist—I believe it was F.P.A.—suggested that Mr. Liveright carry his theories of purity to their logical conclusion, and, for the benefit of all, publicly take his showers in the Mall in Central Park.

But behind the posturings and sensationalism lay Horace's sincere and passionate conviction that literature must be fresh and free, that if a book was vital it must be published, whether or not it would sell. His editor, T. R. Smith, quondam editor of *Century Magazine*, had scope to exercise his critical acumen and his encyclopedic knowledge of what had been published by Macmillan in 1888 and who wrote how many pages for whom in the spring of 1919. His young assistants suffered no disillusionments about the book business's being more business than books: they could push their enthusiasms for unlikely commercial properties and know they would get a hearing. It was good to work for Horace Liveright during the 1920's: things that shock the world of ideas happened in his office, and you had a part in them.

In the summer of 1923, when I was a year out of college and a two week's bride, Horace engaged me as manuscript reader. He didn't really need an extra employee in the editorial department, and I have always suspected that, in a typically Horatian gesture, he took me on largely to show that Boni and Liveright paid more generously than its rival "younger publisher" Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., where I had just completed nine months' servitude. Coming as I did, from the bleak orderliness of Knopf's, where efficiency methods were applied to the melange of business, profession, and gambling that is publishing, the Boni and Liveright office burst upon me like a disturbing new world. Through my four years' tenure it continued exciting, and looking back on it today, I find it glamorous still.

Through our stucco-walled, opulently furnished reception room at the second floor rear passed, at one time or another, everybody who was anybody in letters or art at the time, from Jacob Wassermann to Walter Wanger, from Paul Morand to Otto Kahn. Like our list, our boss, and the members of our staff, the physical background against which celebrities moved, had originality. When Horace ventured into show business, the doorway leading into the theatrical office next door was a series of false shelves of false books with amusing, off-color titles. Behind the reception room thrust the typical New York "extension." Long before most Manhattanites realized the potentialities of flat open spaces above street level, Horace had the bright idea of turning the extension roof into an awning-covered porch. It was gayly furnished in coral, jade, and mauve, then a daring "modern" color scheme. We used the porch for interviewing visitors on warm days, and on spring and summer evenings for the overflow from the parties that were as intrinsic a part of the period's letters as of its life.

In the perspective of these sober '40's, I wonder less that we accomplished so much as we did at Boni and Liveright, as that we accomplished anything. Our hours were our own. I used to appear at about ten-thirty in the morning, take two or more hours for lunch, and depart at four-thirty. One Saturday morning Horace telephoned to me at my home to inquire sarcastically whether I'd very much mind coming down to read a manuscript in a hurry; but when I explained that I was giving a dinner party that night, he said, "Well, never mind, I suppose it can wait until Monday." Monday afternoon I laid my report on his desk; it lay there, unread, for six weeks. Frances Newman's or Sherwood Anderson's coming to town, a visiting writer from abroad, a sudden impulse to hold an editorial meeting, were the occasions for a buzz from Horace to come down to his office and to have one of T. R.'s famous stingers.

Withal, intensely loyal, devoted to Horace, friendly and jocular with one another, we managed, effectively, to midwife literature. Never mind if we were insouciant and ungenteel; never mind if the telephone girl announced loudly into the mouthpiece "Your sweetie's calling," or the office boy hailed distinguished visitors by their first names; never mind dignity and discipline and the Alexander Hamilton Institute: it was the early 1920's, and the handwriting was not yet even faintly discernible on the wall.

In vain our redoubtable office manager, Arthur Pell, who, through the medium of his almost equally redoubtable sister, kept stern surveillance over the clerical force, tried to keep the more highbrow elements of the business under control. True, he had a way of telling Dreiser how he might improve his writing to increase sales, of trying to make us accountable for every postage stamp, and of groaning regularly over Horace's extravagances in the way of authors' advances and bootleggers' bills; but his fulminations, his inevitable imprecations when anyone was given a raise, seemed only funny. Once a literary agent to whom Horace had loaned money out of his personal pocket, complained that Pell was dunning him. "Tell him I said to lay off," Horace commanded in his airy fashion. The debtor returned from his mission grinning. "Arthur shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Mr. Liveright has easy talking,' " he reported. But, in the end, Pell's harsher methods won out. Horace died penniless: Arthur Pell owns Horace Liveright, Inc.

Horace lives on, however, in more than the name of a small publishing house. His trenchant tongue and his sensitive, nervous fingers have been stilled—but the fresh winds he blew through life and letters in the 1920's have not. They touch the lists of publishers whose most prized author got his first, generous advance because Horace Liveright believed in him. They stir, continually, in the creative writers, editors, and publishers who served their apprenticeship with a man who was not afraid.

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Records in Review

Edward Tatnall Canby

THE National Council of Teachers of English is sponsoring a new venture in recorded poetry. Columbia's album E-5 contains a miscellany of British and American poetry ranging from "Sea-Fever" and "Kubla Khan" to Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee." The album is a success, because the sponsors have boldly picked a reader without a "stage accent." Mr. Norman Corwin speaks average Americanese without a trace of affectation and his performance is so natural that the artificiality of recorded speach is soon forgot. And his diction is excellent. Who started that fiction that Americans cannot speak clearly their own tongue? . . . John Gay's famous "Beggar's Opera" has been recorded by a nameless but very British ensemble using the revised music of Frederick Austin. (V M-772; $6.50) Mr. Austin's revisions are musicianly but quite anachronistic. His sweet, Elgar-like harmonies do not do justice to the four-square melodies of an earlier day. But inspite of this the sterling worth of the original tunes—a priceless collection of folk and art songs, some by Purcell, Dr. Arne, Handel—is made abundantly clear by the performers. If you like Gilbert and Sullivan, Handel, Purcell, English chanties and folk music, or just John Gay, pull the *Beggar's Opera* off your shelves and listen to these records.

★ ★

One of the finest lieder recordings of recent months in Lotte Lehmann's *Brahms Recital,* (C M-453; $4) her debut with Columbia. Perhaps it is the nature of the music here, but these records surpass in communicative power anything she has recorded to date. The collection includes several of Brahms's settings of folk music, an indication that Mme. L. doesn't hold with the shopworn 19th century concept of originality as a criterion of value. Certainly B. himself had no compunctions; much of his finest music is based on tunes not his own, ranging from the German chorales through folk music of several nations and themes borrowed from Haydn, Schumann, and Handel.

★ ★

Two repertory stand-bys have received rather startling new interpretations. Mitropoulos offers a performance of the Franck Symphony with the Minneapolis Orchestra on Columbia M-436 ($5.50) which makes that comfortable war horse do an incredible and rather exciting dance. The characteristic Mitropoulos technique—violent and sudden crescendos and diminuendos, extreme intensity, freedom (in this case) of tempo make this an arresting interpretation, one that is perhaps justified in a work of this

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type. Good or bad, we cannot help admiring a conductor who can do something "new" with this score. Recording is poor, but adequate. . . . Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony present a monumental Brahms 4th Symphony which to my mind is technically the finest example of orchestral recording to date (V M-730; $5.50). The aural perspective is uncanny; one can almost measure the distance from each instrument to the mike. Countless orchestral details emerge for the first time on records and the "naturalness" of the tutti equals that of recent English recordings. "Kouss's" touch is evident in the slow tempo of the last movement which, while musically unsuccessful, affords a fascinating glimpse into the complex machinery of the great passagaglia.

★ ★

I can think of no short piece of orchestral music more instantly captivating than the Polka from Smetana's *Bartered Bride*. Nor can I think of any similar music which stands up as well under repeated performance. The Polka is the peer of the best of the Strauss Waltzes. A recording of this and two other dances from the opera has been made by Barlow's Columbia Broadcasting Symphony. (C 71049-D; $1.) Ormandy's version, with the Philadelphia, is a bit crisper, but not as vigorously recorded, since it is older. (V-8694; $1.) . . . The Waltzes from another opera, *Rosenkavalier* of R. Strauss, popular as they are, seem decadent, half-inspired in contrast to the freshness of the *Bartered Bride*. Here is the waltz at its last gasp, now hysterically, artificially gay, now groping languidly for inspiration—the epitome of the post-Romantic spirit. Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra play the music with authority (C11542; $1), but the record is badly overloaded, perhaps to compete with popular music which is habitually more heavily recorded. . . . The Don Cossacks give two phenomenal performances, of an old liturgical setting of the Lord's Prayer, and the well known Volga Boatmen, both with that rich Russian tone, decked out with sub-cellar basses and lush falsettos, which seems to be a biological peculiarity of the Russian male ensemble. (C 4276-M; 75c.)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 378)

G. M. TREVELYAN:
GREY OF FALLODEN

Merely to be with him was a heartening experience because there emanated from him a strength of personality unequalled in any other man whom I have met; but it was attuned to kindly purposes of common life and welfare.

Books in Brief

A MIRROR FOR CALIFORNIA. By Oliver Carlson. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

To the abundant literature about California, Mr. Carlson adds this book, in which he writes of the character of Californians during the last decade, and tries to tell "why they are what they are." Certainly no state in the Union has caused so much heated discussion. To jaundiced eyes this vast luxuriant paradise, our last frontier, contains more mild lunatics, more economic fantasies, more unnecessary hunger, more labor violence, more lustful rodomontade, than any equal number of square miles on the surface of the earth; to others it is the land of promise, the final paradise for perfected man. The truth, as usual, lies somewhere between, and the author after a dash of California's past, tells the reader of the various aspects that go to make up this appalling and wonderful state. Beyond its labor wars, its Okies and Arkies, its political revolutions, the prodigious wealth it showers on a few, the empty stomachs of its agricultural slaves, and its middle-aged pensioners, its palaces and tin-can camps, he shows an imperial state that is inventing a new destiny for itself and perhaps for all of America.

THE DRAGON STIRS. By Henry Francis Misselwitz. Harbinger House. $3.

The author was a correspondent for the *New York Times* and the United Press during the confused and bloody years in China of the Kuomintang revolution. His book is an account of his personal adventures and his conclusions about the immediate future of China. While the events of which he writes made the headlines around the world, the epic story of the chaos in China between what is historically known as the "Nanking incident" to the Japanese invasion presents today only a blurred and chaotic memory to indifferent American readers, yet these events were the struggles of a chained giant awakening to its destiny. Mr. Misselwitz's conclusions will be resisted strenuously by many informed observers. Whether his prophecy is accurate or not, this book makes fascinating reading.

THE KEELBOAT AGE ON WESTERN WATERS. Leland D. Baldwin. University of Pittsburgh Press. $3.

The rivers of the West, the Red River, the Arkansas, the Missouri, the Illinois, the Wabash, and dozens of smaller streams formed a laborious highroad for the pioneers who settled the West early in the last century. Little has been written about the flatboat and rafts which were poled with incredible labor upstream to new lands and which floated back bearing furs and produce from newly broken soil. The keelboat men and bargemen who spent their lives aboard their primitive craft, the farmers and trappers who spent half their time on these incredibly clumsy craft were the hardy, free men who helped to build the new expanding nation. Mr. Baldwin's book is an epic narrative about this great river migration. It deserves a place on any bookshelf dealing with American history. It is handsomely decorated by the drawings of Harvy Cushing.

EDITH CAVELL. Helen Judson. Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Germany's conquest and occupation of Belgium for the second time lends poignancy to this admirable biography of Edith Cavell, martyr of the first World War. Written without emotion, Helen Judson describes her development from humble nurse to matron of the first nurses' training school in Belgium in 1907, and to her death before a firing squad in a bleak Brussels courtyard eight years later. Edith Cavell was neither the beautiful young woman that fiction and the movies have presented, or a spy. She was a calm, efficient, resolute, and compassionate woman of middle age when she was caught in the iron web of German Army regulations. Her offense was in aiding the escape of British and Belgium soldiers left behind by their retreating armies. Her last words are good to remember: "I know now that patriotism is not enough; I must have no hatred and no bitterness toward anyone."

AH Q AND OTHERS. Selected Stories of Lusin, translated by Chi-Chen Wang. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

The author of these intriguing stories of Chinese life is one of China's most famous writers. To an American whose knowledge of China has come from Pearl Buck and the movies, Lusin's Ah Q is somewhat bewildering, though Mr. Wang, the translator, assures the reader that his name is as familiar in China as Babbitt's is in America. Lusin used this ingenuous and somewhat despicable figure to illustrate what was wrong with the mentality of China's poverty stricken multitudes. Lusin died five years ago, but his essays and stories burned with indignation against the evils and laziness he saw in the character of his fellow men. Ah Q is a personification of these disastrous faults that war and revolution and further suffering are burning out of the common man of China. It is a complex, a strange, and a fascinating book.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Biography

ZAPATA, THE UNCONQUERABLE. By Edgcumb Pinchon. Doubleday, Doran. 1941. $3.

This novelized biography sketches an admiring picture of Mexico's famous agrarian leader, Emiliano Zapata. The son of a *ranchero* family in the State of Morelos assumes the leadership of Indian peasants, bitter at continuing loss of their land. Following the revolt of Madero against Porfirio Diaz in 1910, Zapata organizes the "Liberator Army of the South" and in ninety days clears Morelos of government troops. Later came a break with Madero and the issuance of the *Plan de Ayala,* with its call for restoration of the land to the villages. The book passes rapidly over the remaining years of Zapata's life, until his tragic death in ambuscade in 1919.

The author has based his account on the records of Zapata's intimates and associates and has written an apologia that not only counters charges of cruelty and banditry, but admits no fault in the hero of the saga. The extensive use of dialogue—which at times sounds strangely *gringo*—and passages of vivid description supplement the limited stock of biographical material available on Zapata. The book is unfortunately not free of typographical errors, particularly in the Spanish phrases quoted.

C. T.

Fiction

THE SHIP AND THE SHORE. By Vicki Baum. Doubleday, Doran. 1941. 275 *pp.* $2.

Of Miss Baum one wishes to say, as was said of a better writer, "the mixture as before." Mr. Maugham could make of the phrase a badge of honor for his next book, if only because he could produce the original ingredients at will in exactly the right proportions. Miss Baum's favorite mixture has steadily lost its flavor, and in this instance she has had to thin it considerably to make it last. More than half the book—it is admittedly small—is consumed with the introduction of the usual heterogeneous group of characters, and then there is the usual one flash of incident which is meant to weld them and reveal them all at once. The device has lost its novelty, and the characters have grown weary of their duties, even our old friend, the cynico-sentimental drunken ship's doctor. We even ask, unhappily, was it good the first time?

N. L. R.

Miscellaneous

STAGECOACH NORTH. By W. Storrs Lee. Macmillan. 1941. 210 *pp., with index.* $2.

Pleasantly unpretentious is this patchwork portrait of (to quote the title page) the earliest generation of Vermonters—really of the delightful town of Middlebury, Vermont.

The most serious comment anywhere in it is found at the beginning, where a point is made of the pride and principle of making your own house and barn and tools and clothes and furniture, and growing and curing and cooking your own food. This is a highly Vermontish kind of pride, and none the less so in that dozens of other regions in this and other countries cherish it too.

But the book is so agreeably light that even when it comes to Emma

(*Continued on page* 20)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL *Elizabeth Sanxay Holding* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Murder and diabolical high jinks in resort-island hotel bring thrills and romance to hostess and inn proprietor.	Sleuthing and plot abecedarian but atmosphere and excellent writing keep tale spinning along speedily to satisfactory pay-off.	Grade B
THE CASE OF THE CONSTANT SUICIDES *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Two plunges—first fatal, second nearly so—from "haunted" Scottish tower give canny Dr. Fell real wit-sharpener.	Antics of richly-portrayed leading characters under spell of potent Hielan brew add gusty humor to first class puzzle.	Carr at his best
N OR M? *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Elusive and ruthless German spies finally caught by Englishman and wife, who, in 1940, duplicate their feats of earlier war.	Engaging characters, bright dialogue, capital sea-shore boarding-house scenery, and plenteous thrills—with one or two rather unbelievable bits.	Good hunting
SIGNAL FOR DEATH *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Incineration of British country gent in hush-hush area which Germans bomb unerringly, makes more work for Waghorn, Hanslet, and Priestley.	Scientific knowledge of Dr. Pristley not only answers question of who warned "Jerry" but who was slick killer and why.	According to Hoyle

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THE CRIME OF Laura Sarelle
BY JOSEPH SHEARING

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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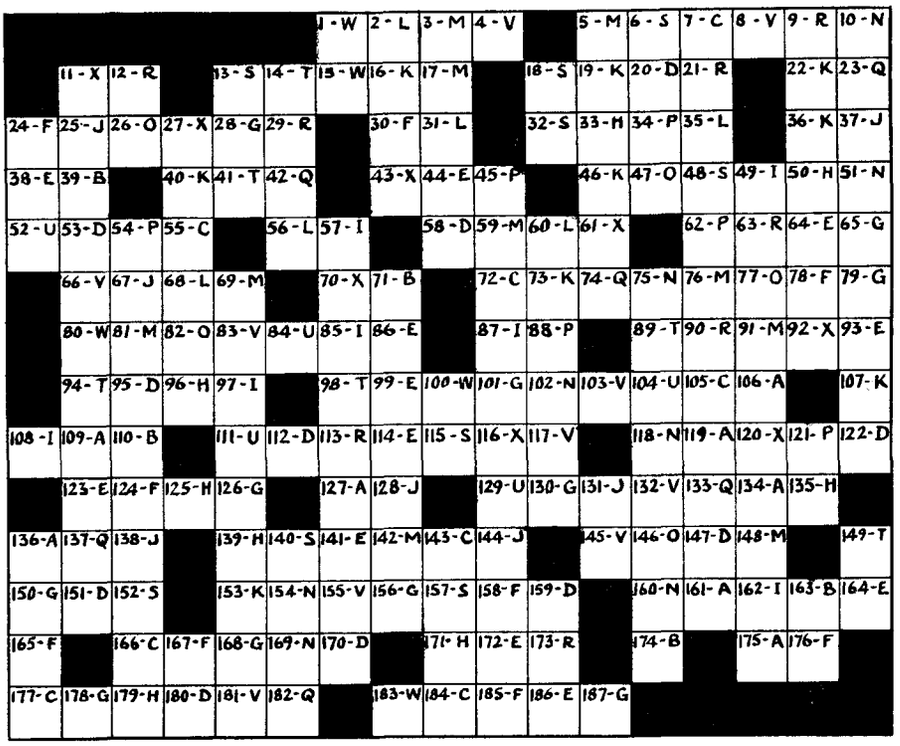
Double-Crostics: No. 379

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Applied to an appointment made in the last hours of an administration (Pres. John Adams).
B. Early deity of herds, like Pan (Rom.)
C. Acted clumsily in handling a ship.
D. One thing and another (3 wds.)
E. Hindered or obstructed, as a legislative bill.
F. Love of the woods and forests.
G. Common people in monarchial political system (2 wds.)
H. Russian herding dogs.
I. Street ruffians in 18th century London (hist.)
J. Flame or fiery bolt (Semit. antiq.)
K. Trifling conversations or talks.
L. Applied to a violet or blue-red of low saturation.
M. Tumult, disturbance.
N. Lacking power and vigor.
O. Astir; in action or progress.
P. Ancient Greek lyre, of tortoise shell.
Q. River bounding the underworld (Baby. rel.)
R. Kept oneself at a distance (2 wds.)
S. Scope of information.
T. Farthest from the surface.
U. Like a work of interlacing cords, or lines.
V. Piano pieces by Schumann, free in form, of many themes.
W. Urged on, instigated.
X. Mantle of loose material over solid rock of the earth.

WORDS

A.	127 109 106 175 119 134 161 136
B.	174 71 39 163 110
C.	72 184 177 166 105 7 55 143
D.	180 58 147 151 95 53 170 122 112 20 159
E.	38 99 86 141 64 123 172 114 164 44 93 186
F.	158 124 30 176 24 165 185 167 78
G.	65 130 168 101 126 178 79 156 150 28 187
H.	33 139 179 50 171 125 135 96
I.	87 57 108 162 85 97 49
J.	131 138 144 67 128 25 37
K.	46 16 73 107 153 19 40 36 22
L.	2 60 31 56 35 68
M.	76 59 5 91 142 81 69 3 148 17
N.	51 118 102 154 160 75 169 10
O.	146 82 26 47 77
P.	54 121 45 62 88 34
Q.	42 137 133 74 23 182
R.	29 21 63 90 173 113 12 9
S.	152 48 140 18 13 157 32 115 6
T.	14 89 149 98 41 94
U.	84 52 111 129 104
V.	155 132 145 83 103 8 66 117 181 4
W.	1 15 183 100 80
X.	27 61 120 11 92 70 43 116

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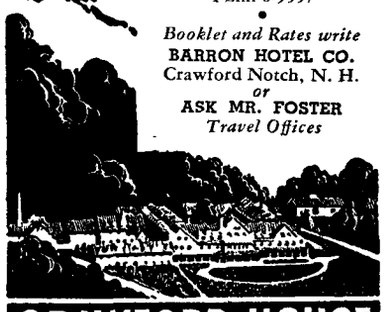

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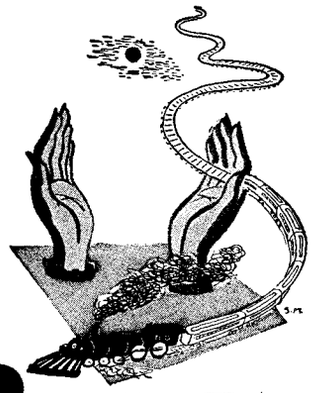

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TRADE WINDS

WHAT can we say in a literary column in these incredible days? Shall we suggest light romances for Summer reading or say "Exit Laughing" is heading the best seller class in Los Angeles? Germany declares war on Russia and "What Makes Sammy Run" is delighting the literati in San Francisco. And we urge on our readers the newly arrived "Berlin Diary," by William L. Shirer.

★ ★

☞"Berlin Diary," in our opinion, should be the next book on their list. It is unquestionably one of the most important books on Germany of the past seven years and much of the information is fresh, new, and revealing. Mr. Shirer, the able reporter for C.B.S. until recently stationed in Berlin, has always believed that a German-Russo war was inevitable. He also believes that the Nazi aim is world domination. The uncensored reports that are revealed for the first time by Mr. Shirer make amazing and prophetic reading. This is a book of warning.

★ ★

☞Book Clubs seem to be springing up by leaps and leaps. There must be money in them or there must be thousands upon thousands of people who like eminent critics and authors to recommend the books they ought to read. Now comes the Classics Club, of which Professor William Lyon Phelps is chairman and for which Pearl S. Buck, Hendrik Van Loon, and John Kieran are the judges. The books to be selected are those which have endured the test of time, history, and entertainment. The first selection of the judges, to be published later this summer, is Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*.

★ ★

☞We've often heard a journalist characterized as a "newspaperman's newspaperman," but we've rarely met one who deserves the title. The nearest approach we know to this composite figure is Ben Hecht. This former Chicago reporter is brought to our mind by the announcement of the Viking Press that Hecht will have published in early fall "1001 Afternoons in New York." This is a companion piece to his earlier and famous "1001 Afternoons in Chicago." We've read most of the pieces that the new book will contain for they have appeared in *PM* and much of the material has the same vigor and alertness that Hecht displayed twenty years ago. If memory serves correctly, what struck us at the time as one of the best and crispest pieces of writing in the "Chicago" book was the tale about the late Bert Williams. Bert Williams, as many readers will recall, was the superb Negro artist and comic playing in the Ziegfeld Follies. Hecht interviewed him backstage and the result was a little masterpiece of reporting.

★ ★

☞Each year the children's librarians of America award the Newbery Medal to the book which they select as representing the most important contribution to American literature for children. This year, the coveted award goes to Armstrong Sperry for his distinguished book *Call It Courage*. The announcement was made a few days ago, in Boston where the A.L.A. met in annual convention. The medal was presented by its donor, Frederick Melcher, editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*.

★ ★

☞Armstrong Sperry has written many books for children and is an artist who has illustrated numerous books by other authors. *Call It Courage* was published in March, 1940 by the Macmillan Company. This is the fifth award of the Newbery Medal to a book of this publisher.

★ ★

☞At this same meeting, the Caldecott Medal was presented to Robert Lawson for his book *They Were Strong and Good*, which the librarians selected as the most beautiful picture book for children in 1940. It is published by Viking Press.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

THE NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 17)

Willard, Middlebury's greatest inhabitant, who at twenty-five took charge of the fine school for girls which culture-loving Middlebury had already established, it spends one of her two pages on a parody, not of her plans for teaching young females Latin and Greek and geometry and chemistry, but a parody of her plan to include the whole art of housewifery. Evidently Middlebury scoffed long before the rest of us did at woman's place being in the home.

We could wish more had been said of the great-minded husband Emma Hart found there in Dr. Willard, old enough to be her father, but free-hearted enough to help and further in every way her rising work and fame. Perhaps something was taken from this in order to beguile us with details of the doctoring and dentistry of early days; for here again Middlebury shines. In that period of viper tea, melted angle-worms, blue pills nightly, blisters and plasters and "itch-ointments," there was a doctor in Middlebury whose favorite prescription was "Sweetsyrup of violets and maiden-hair."

S. C.

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